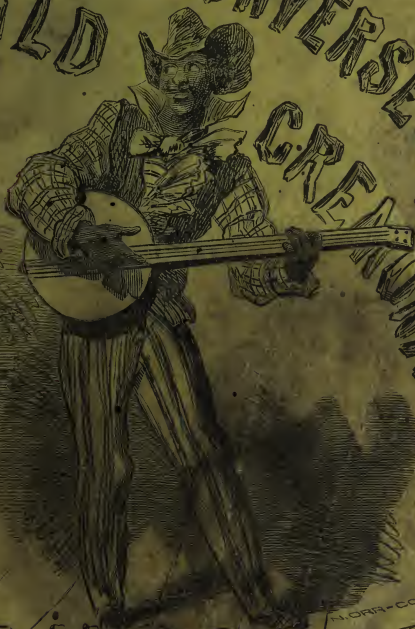


1863

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OLD CREMONA



SONGSTER.

NEW YORK:
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No. 18 ANN STREET.

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WITH MUSIC.

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1903

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FRANK CONVERSE'S OLD CREMONA SONGSTER.

"WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER."

Words by CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER, ESQ.

(The words of this song, with the music, are published in sheet-form by Sawyer and Thompson, 59 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and are used in this book by permission.)

DEAREST love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true!

Chorus—Weeping sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain!

Yet praying, when this cruel war is over—
Praying that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle-plain—
Lonely, wounded, even dying—
Calling, but in vain!

Weeping sad, etc.

If, amid the din of battle,
 Nobly you should fall,
 Far away from those who love you,
 None to hear your call—
 Who would whisper words of comfort,
 Who would soothe your pain?
 Ah! the many cruel fancies
 Ever in my brain.
 Weeping sad, etc.

But our country called you, darling;
 Angels cheer your way;
 While our nation's sons are fighting,
 We can only pray.
 Nobly strike for God and liberty!
 Let all nations see
 How we love the starry banner,
 Emblem of the free!
 Weeping sad, etc.

CALL ME NOT BACK FROM THE ECHOLESS SHORE.

IN REPLY TO

"Rock me to Sleep, Mother."

Words by CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER, Esq.

(The words of this song, with the music, are published in sheet-form by Sawyer & Thompson, 59 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, and are used in this book by permission.)

WHY is your forehead deep furrowed with care?
 What has so soon mingled frost in your hair?
 Why are you sorrowful, why do you weep?
 Why do you ask me to "rock you to sleep?"
 Could you but see through this world's vale of tears,
 Light would your sorrows be, harmless your fears;
 All that seems darkness to you would be light—
 All would be sunshine where now is but night.

Chorus.

Follow me cheerfully, pray do not weep;
 In spirit I'll soothe you and "rock you to sleep."

Why would you backward with Time again turn?
 Why do you still for your childhood's days yearn?
 Weary one, why through the past again roam,
 While in the future the path leads you home?
 Oh, dearest child, dry those tears! weep no more—
 Call me not back from the "echoless shore."
 Follow me cheerfully, pray do not weep;
 In spirit I'll soothe you, and "rock you to sleep."
 Follow me cheerfully, etc.

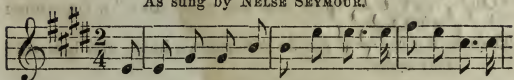
LULLABY.

(To be sung *ad libitum*, after repeating chorus to last verse.)

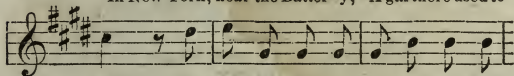
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby—sleep, sleep, sleep, oh sleep;
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby—lullaby, lullaby, sleep.

OYSTER SALLY.

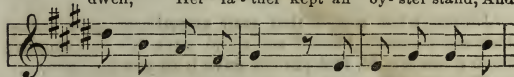
As sung by NELSE SEYMOUR.



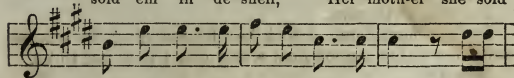
In New York, near the Batter- y, A gal there used to



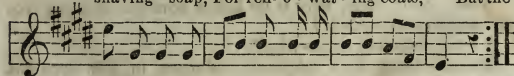
dwell, Her fa - ther kept an oy - ster stand, And



sold 'em in de shell, Her moth - er she sold



shaving soap, For ren - o - wat - ing coats, But the



gal she kept an apple stand, On the Fulton Ferry boats.

Chorus.

So look out, boys, and mind your eyes,
 When you come through the alley;
 Don't fall in love wid that little gal
 Dey call young Oyster Sally.

[For air of chorus, sing the last eight measures.]

There was a jolly fisherman, his name was Mister Crank;
 He used to fish for porgies, down on Coney Island bank;
 He fell in lub wid dis young gal before dat he did know her,
 From seeing her picture painted on a Broadway omnibus-
 door.

So look out, boys, etc.

He took her to de City Hall, where de soldiers live in tents,
 But her cruel heart was conquered by de Sigel regiment:
 "Come, change de rings mit me, mine love," a Dutchman
 he did say,
 Then broke his drum on de fisherman's head, and both did
 run away.

So look out, boys, etc.

A QUERY.

JULIUS, what was it that your sweetheart gave you—
 that she wouldn't have if she could have, nor she couldn't
 have if she would, and yet she gave it to you?

Why, what was it?

A WIFE, to be sure.

Dat's a fact, Sam. I took her for better or for woorse,
 and I found her a good deal woser dan I took her to be.

You did?

Yes. Now, Sam, why is de ladies here dis ebening like
 de magnetic telegraph?

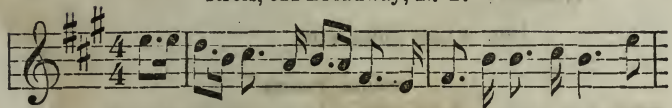
I really couldn't tell—why?

Because dere is a magnetic influence in deir eyes dat
 conveys intelligence to de heart ob men.

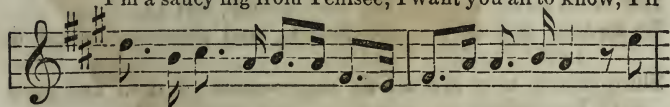
SAMBO'S OPINION.

Comic Banjo-Song.

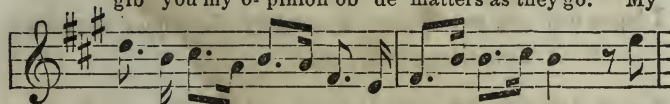
Sung by CHARLEY FOX, with rapturous applause, at Wood's Minstrels, 514 Broadway, N. Y.



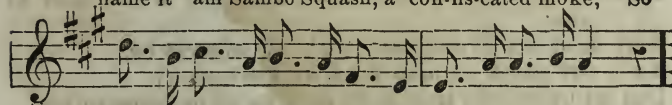
I'm a saucy nig from Tenisee, I want you all to know, I'll



gib you my o- pinion ob de matters as they go. My

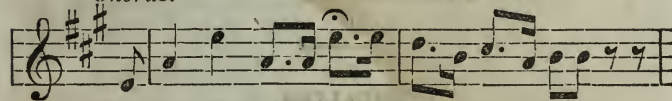


name it am Sambo Squash, a con-fis-cated moke, So

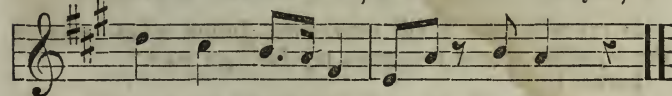


white folks don't git mad at me, For what I'm goin to spoke.

Chorus.



Den white folks look at me, It am de truth I tell you,



Jump up, tumble up, git up, and git.

Some say de niggers shall be slaves, some say dey shall be free—

I'd like to know what difference all dis trouble makes to me;
Freedom may be well enough, likewise emancipation,
But I guess dat I is better off down on de old plantation.

Den white folks, etc.

I see de papers de oder day, to make de army bigger,
 Dat Congress has made a law, to go and draft de nigger :
 Niggers dey can pick de cotton—dey'll do it very freely ;
 But when dey smell de bullets, how dey'll run for Horace
 Greeley !

Den white folks, etc.

ENCORE VERSES.

Dar is no silver nowadays ; and money, dat has flew,
 Excepting lots of postage-stamps, and greenbacks cut in
 two ;
 Shinplasters now are all de rage—most ob dem are good
 for nuffin—
 I 'spec dey ask percentage, by-and-by, for sojers' buttons.

Den white folks, etc.

I wish de white folks ob de Norf and Souf would hear to
 me :

I tell dem, it's de only way, to let de niggers be,
 As in our country's laws it am an institution ;
 Den let us end dis trouble by de laws ob de constitution.

Den white folks, etc.

SPELLING.

IF my wife should fall overboard, Julius, what letter in
 the alphabet would I express my feelings with ?

Letter B.

Now, Julius, if my wife should be blind, what letter
 should I express my feelings with ?

Letter C. Now, den, Sam, could you tell me what letter
 would express my feelings if my wife should fall over-
 board ?

No, Julius—what ?

Letter *went* !

JINE DE ARMY.

Comic Banjo-Song.

Sung by CHARLEY FOX.

I once did love a lit-tle charmer,
And I tell you she was some, I loved her kase she
was so pret - ty, She loved me kase I beat de drum. She
says to me, "My de-ri-est Sam, Jine de ar - my,
make your-self a man, . Wear brass but - tons
on your trowsers, Go and fight for Uncle Sam."

I went right off and jined de army,
Dressed to deff in sojers' clothes,
Wid a mufstick on my shoulder,
Ockelets way up to my nose.
We went right down to Washington,
To play de fife and beat upon de drum;
'Kase we was de Hoss-marine-ers,
And dey know'd dat we wouldn't run.

Says Abram, "Now, my fightin' heroics,
 For de good ob de country you must die;
 Dars nothing now like gittin' glo-ri-e,
 With a bullet in your eye!"
 Oh! we went down to Richmond town,
 To give the reb-u-els a whack;
 They recon-oystered in our rear,
 And consequently we advanced boldly
 From de enemies-es-es (back)!

NEW-YORK FASHIONS. (Comic Song.)

As sung by CHARLEY FOX.

At Cen - tral Park, that love - ly spot, Where
 summer breeze refresh-i - ing, Where fashion in its
 height does reign, And dan-dies show their dressing. You'll
 see some sights worth seeing there, 'Twill make you laugh, I
 do de - clare, With ev - ery style to

suit the times, Of ev - ery rank and station.

(Sing for chorus the last eight measures.)

The ladies all, in sweet perfume,
 Their dresses made in splen-di-or,
 And with a trail five yards behind,
 Just like an engine-tender—
 They keep the walks and crossings clean,
 Their dress is a patent sweeping-machine;
 If "Hackley the Great" would hire them,
 He'd clean the streets much cheaper.

With bonnets stuck up on their head,
 And on the top three ro-si-es;
 With cloth enough to make a suit,
 In their long shanghai joseys;
 Hoops like Professor Lowe's balloon,
 With gas enough to go to the moon;
 And when they swing, just stand aside,
 Or your legs are dislocated!

PETE WILLIAMS.

Comic Quartette.

(Each verse to be recited before singing.)

Old Pete Williams is dead and gone, We
 ne'er shall see him mo - r - e, He
 used to wear an old gray coat, All
 but - toned down be - fore.

Oh, I wish that I had all the might
For to stop this mighty fightin' war;
I'd sing, and sing, and feel like a king—
And live on de money what Abram Linkum don't want.

Oh, there's John Bull! he's got a skull,
But very little in it;
And then, I know, he wants our wool,
And a war, he wants now to begin it.

Oh, ragged Sally, from Shinbone Alley,
She promised for to marry me;
But she altered her mind, and she wasn't inclined
For to join with me in de holy bands ob hemlock.

Oh, white folks, now we're goin' away,
To seek some other furrin clime;
We'll come right back here some other day,
And sing this song fur the second time.

GOLD BUTTONS.

THOSE are very pretty buttons you have got on that coat,
Julius.

Yes, Sam—dey're gold buttons.

Gold!—how many carats?

You mean dem kind dey put in soup?

No, no; how many *carats* fine?

Oh, go 'long, Sam! Do you 'spose dat I wears wege-
tables on my coat fur buttons? No, sir-ee!

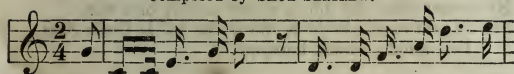
GOOD REASON.

POMP, what makes you hab no wool on de top ob your
head?

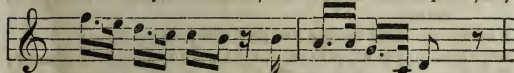
Well, Julius, I was out West 'bout free months ago;
and de reason I got bald was, de gals out dar used to pull
me into deir winders.

SHODDY. (Song and Dance.)

Composed by SAUL SERTREW.



De country am in war, Once it was in peace, Oh,



every thing was sailin so lovely on de geese.



Now it's goin to smash, Things am might-y chang'd, Its a



won - der to me, how de matters am arranged.

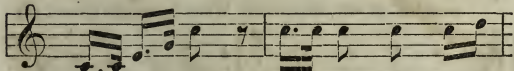
Chorus.



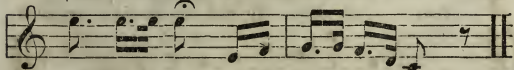
Den mind yourself here, mind yourself there, Just look



out what you do or say, You'll get in a snare.



Better tend to biz, Keep your mouf shut, Or de



fast thing you know, you will git in Lafayette.

(For the dance, play first eight measures.)

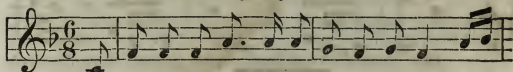
Shoddy-contract's all de go, and money fur de same;
 And if you're a politician, you're sure to git de game:
 No matter what the job is, either shoddy or a ram,
 For all you've got to do is, *charge the bill to Uncle Sam.*
 Den mind yourself here, etc.

Gold and silver's mighty scarce, so de change we have to
 cramp,
 And fur de legal tender use de little postage-stamp;
 But the thing is all played out, like Aunt Jemima's plaster;
 De more you try to pull 'em out, de more dey stick de
 faster.

Oh, paper-money's plenty, and men to spend de same,
 But where it all goes to—nobody is to blame—
 So what's de use of fifin' if you can't beat on de drum?
 You have got to know your *biz*, or you'd better stay at
 home.

LORD LOVELL AND NANCY BELL.

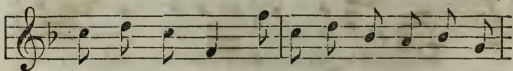
A Doleful Ditty of ye Olden Time.



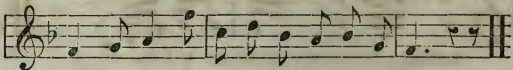
Lord Lovell he stood at his cas - tle gate, A -



combing his milk-white steed, When 'long came sweet Lady



Nan - - cy Bell, To wish her dear lov - er good



speed, speed, speed, To wish her dear lover good speed.

"Oh, where are you goin'?" Lady Nancy then said,

"Oh, where are you goin'?" said she.

"I'm going, going far away,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

He had not been gone but a year and a day,
Strange scenery for to see,

When singular thoughts went into his head:
His Nancy Bell he would go see, see, see,
His Nancy Bell he would go see.

He rode, and he rode, on his milk-white steed,
Till he came unto London town;
And there he heard the City-Hall bell,
And the people all running around, round, round,
And the people all running around.

"Is there any one dead?" Lord Lovell then said—

"Is there any one dead?" said he.

"A lord's lady is dead," a lady then said,
"And they call her the Lady Nan-cy—cy—cy,
And they call her the Lady Nancy."

He ordered the grave to be open-i-ed,
And the shroud to be folded down;
And then he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears they went trickling down, down, &
The tears they come trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died, as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovell he died to-morrow;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovell's a brier—rier—rier,
And out of Lord Lovell's a brier.

CHARLEY FOX ON INTERVENTION.

Original Stump-Speech.

DISCUMBOBOLATED FELLER-CITIZENS: Dis chile am gwine for to comlustrate to you dis ebodin' de antiravenous proceedings ob de people what rewolve on de *axes* of de globe in general; so jest hold your breff while I dive into de obscurity of dis grand subjec. *Fustly, my dear lambs*, dar was Mr. Napoleparte Bonicum, dat fit de battle ob Manhas-us, in Tennessee, on de *Pay-monkey* riber, *What did they do?* I repeat, widout repetition, **WHAT DID THEY DO?** Didn't Bacchus, de god ob soda-water, say to Peter Cooper dat if *Cashus Mud*—no, I mean *Clay*—was elected de chimney-inspector in de sixth ward, de Prince ob Whales never could have got married to de King of Tanbark's daughter, *Eh?* De land ob Paradise and honey would once more smile on New York, specie-money would flow around de streets, and sixpenny plates ob hash at de Revere House would be abolished; *and what would be de use of interwention then?* Secondly, *My conscripted Brigadiers*, suppose dat de prophet Moses, when he addressed de Baxter street-ities from de top of Bunker Hill's monument, had only introduced de contraband question? Would not Phareoh, de King ob Egypt in Illinois, skedaddled from de amalgamators, and made Lester Wallack's beautiful figure conglomerate into a quintessence, and engage Caroline Richings, Countess of Champagne, fur de season? And dat would awert de deadly *cats-after me* of Aaron not bein' found in de bullrushes, or make Simpson close his pawn-shop in de Bowery. **AND what would be de use of interwention then?** Thirdly, *my agitated fire-eaters*, as General Banks remarked to me, when Paris run away wid Helen at de bombardment of Fort Sumter, and pulled Abe Linkum into de war-panic, and caused Horace Greeley's nine hundred thousand men to make a flank movement on de rear ob de Tombs, what right had de High Bridge at Harlem to be built on such a multum-cum-pluribus design, wid de arch ecleptickely curved with a radish diwergency from de common centre, biseckting de

conjucake diamter ob de sediment ob de circumfrence ob de Daniel in de Lady ob Lions' den? *Say! what would be de use of intervention then?* Fourthly, *my emblems of innocence, and swine-dealers*, just let de double-distilled extract of Doctor Tumblety's Saspariller and Foot-wash be introduced into Mayor Opdyke's private office: den Commodore Nutt can go to Europe; P. T. Barnum come de *pie-us* dodge in his "Lecture-Room;" a bishop marry Miss Lavinny Warren; de Broadway Rolerade bill go up higher dan a kite; Little Mac come back; our glorious Spar-stangled banger float proudly to de breezes; de French skedaddled out ob Mexico; all de politicians ready to take arms (out ob de treasure); five million iron-clads and cheese-boxes—I *golly!* *what would de interwenters do den?* Fifthly, *my disgustin' pelevians*, when James Gordon Bennett fust started his daily sockdolager, and paid Stephen H. Branch's expenses to hunt up ex-policeman Matsyl, kase he said he was a true American born in Englum, what right had Alexander the *Grater* to find fault wid de *Spittoon bridges* when dey frow'd dem over de Chickenhominy river into Weehawken, or Simeon Draper to introduce de game ob Policy into de Senate bedroom? or Charles Sumner, de founder ob de seven cardinal sins, to accuse Laura Keene's Seven Sisters ob deadly diabolical tendency to undermine de concativative diabetes ob de glandular spinal ob de philoprogenation ob de thorax ob Abe Linkum's last joke? But Gabriel has been heard from, soundin' his trumpet from de top of Brooklyn Heights—a brighter day am dawnin'; de spread eagle, wid his feathers smoothed down, am preparin' to roost; so, now, in conclusion—I'se but one word to say—make me de next President, and—and—I'll cut a watermelon!

DEAD-HEADS.

SAM, I had a ball last week, and had awful few dead-heads.

How did you succeed in keeping them out?

Why, I put on my bills—"Tickets fifty cents. *No gem-man admitted unless he comes himself.*"

THE BEWITCHED TERRIER.

A Canine Howl.

By the Arkansaw Nightingale.

As sung by NELSE SEYMOUR.

(Very solemncholy.)

Sam John - son was a cul - ied man, Who
lived down by the sea, He owned a rat tan
ter - ri - er That stood bout one foot three. And the
way that creature chaw'd up rats, Was gorgi-us to see.

One day this dorg was slumberin'
Behind the kitchen stove,
When suddenly a wicked flea—
An ugly little cove—
Commenced upon his faithful back
With many jumps to rove.

Then up rose that ter-ri-u-er,
With frenzy in his eye,
And, waitin' only long enough
To make a touchin' cry,
Commenced to twist hissself about
Most wonderfully spry.

But all in vane; his shape was sich,
So awful short and fat,

That though he doubled up hisself,
And strained hisself at that,
His mouth was half-an inch away
From where the varmint sat!

Sam Johnson heard the noise, and came
To save his anamile;
But when he sees the critter spin,
And barkin' all the while,
He dreaded hy-dry-pho-bi-a,
And then began to rile.

"The dorg is mad enough!" says he;
And, luggin' in his axe,
He gave that retched ter-ri-er
A pair of awful whacks,
That stretched him on the flo-i-er
As dead as carpet-tacks!

MORAL.

Take warnin' by this ter-ri-er,
Now turned to sassidge-meat,
And when Misfortune's fleas shall come
Upon your back to eat—
Beware, or you may die because
You can't make both ends meet!

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY are custards like chickens?
Because dey're *made ob eggs*.
How do chickens eat corn?
By de *peck*.
When is a lady not a lady?
When she's a little sulky.
Why is dis audience like a barrel of bad pertaters?
Because dey is spectators.
Are the ladies spectators?
No, dey is *sweet-taters*.

CHARMING BILLY.

A Pathetic Ballad.

As sung by CHARLEY FOX.

Oh whither have you been, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly
 Boy, Oh, whither have you been, Charming Bil - ly?
 I've been look-ing for a wife, for to
 live with me for life, but I've come to the
ad libitum.
 con - clu - si - on Dat de gals wont
 have me cause I am rather light waisted in de pocket.

I went for to see Sally Boggs, Sally Boggs,
 Oh, I went for to see charming Sally;
 Den she asked me to come in,
 And to take a drop ob gin—

(But I know'd dat I strongly smelt some fourth-proof
 camphene, what de young lady wanted to commit
 deadly suicide wid me wid.)

Says I, "No you don't, Sally Boggs, Sally Boggs,"
 Says I, "No you don't, charming Sally;"
 When she called her lovyer in,
 Who to punch me did begin—

(And I quickly then took the hint, and just then remembered that I had a pressing call to make in another locality.)

INSTRUCTIVE MORAL.

Now take warning by me, pretty gals, pretty gals,

Oh, take warning by me, pretty charmers!

When a handsome man, like me,

Comes and wants to mar-i-e—

(Just take the young man by his soft and silky hand,
shut your eyes, and jump into obscurity.)

THE ORGAN-GAL.

By NELSE SEYMOUR.

Now white folks list - en un - to me, a

song I'se goin to sing. 'Tis of a lit - tle *Fine.*

or - gan girl, dat come to town last spring. She

gave sweet curbstone con - certs, with a

voice so clear and sweet. She was dearly lov'd by a

young Dutch barber, dat liv'd in Chatham Street.

Chorus.

[For air of chorus, sing first eight measures.]

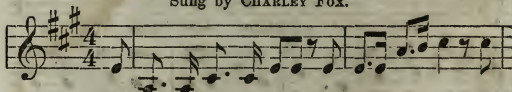
Shout, boys! shout for the barber fine,
The gayest ob young fellows,
Who loves that little organ-gal
Dat peddles umbarellas!

One day she sung and played so sweet, in front of his sa-
loon,
He came from de door wid eyes so bright, like he just come
from de moon;
He gave de gal a three-cent piece, and a look of love so
keen,
She thanked him much when she took the "nick" in the
bottom of her tambourine,
Shout, boys, etc.

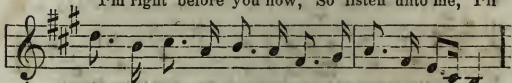
The barber thought he'd won her love, by her kind and
tender looks;
But she ran off wid a dirty boy dat peddled Bunce's nigger
song-books.
When de barber heard dis cruel news, he pulled his har
and swore—
Then stabbed hissself wid a razor-strap, and died on a cellar-
door. Shout, boys, etc.

SASSY, NIGGER PETE. (Comic Banjo-Song.)

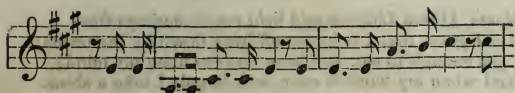
Sung by CHARLEY FOX.



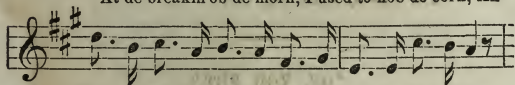
I'm right before you now, So listen unto me, I'll



tell you bout de fun I had, 'way down in Tennessee.

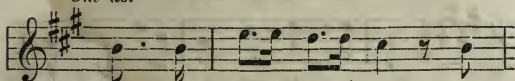


At de breakin ob de morn, I used to hoe de corn, An

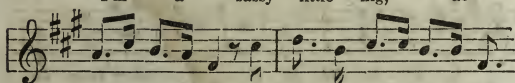


den at night de pretty gals, I us'd to go and see.

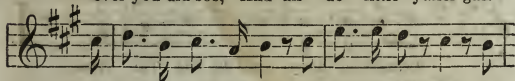
Chorus.



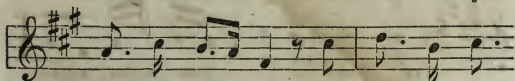
I'm a sassy little nig, as



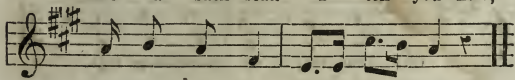
ever you did see, And all de little yaller gals



are dead in lub wid me. Let all de white trash just



take a back seat. I tell you now,



my name it am, Sassy Nigger Pete.

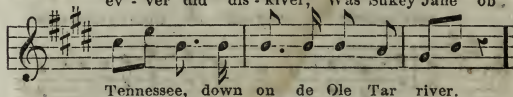
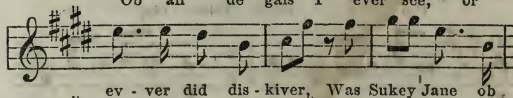
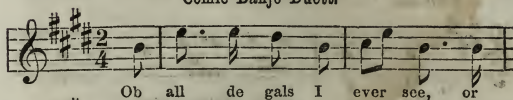
Ole massa's gone to Saratoge, to hab a little spree—
It makes but little difference to a darkey just like me;
I hope he'll stay awhile, and a little while longer,
So I and de gals can hab some fun a-playin' in de fodder.

Massa Abram Linkum said he'd set de darkeys free,
 But I guess that I is better off 'way down in Tennessee;
 I get enough to eat, and have no care upon my mind;
 And when my work is over, wid de gals I take a shine.

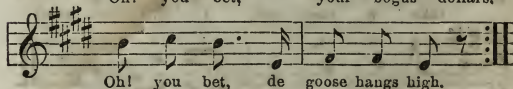
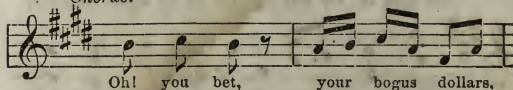
I'm a sassy little nig, etc.

"OH, YOU BET,"

Comic Banjo Duett.



Chorus.



I took my banjo down one night,
 Just for to serenade her;
 It charmed her so, she lost her breff,
 And fell right out de winder!

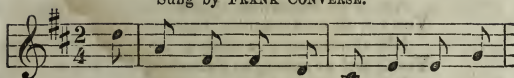
Oh, you bet, etc.

She lit upon her lovely head—
 O Lord! it made her holler;
 I wouldn't been in dat gal's place
 For a shinplaster dollar.

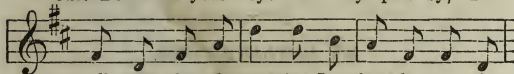
I hit de banjo once or twice—
 I know'd dat it would cure her:
 She jumped right up and cracked her heels,
 And danced de ole cachuker,

THE BROADWAY STAGES. (Comic End-Song.)

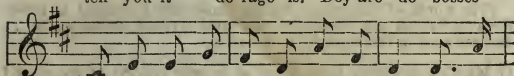
Sung by FRANK CONVERSE.



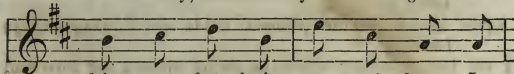
Oh kind folks list - en un - to me, I'll
 Cho. Den mind your eye as dey pass by, I



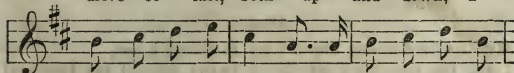
tell you what de rage is, It is de op - pi-
 tell you it de rage is. Dey are de bosses



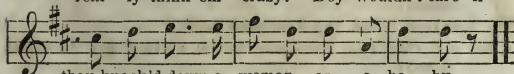
si - ti - on, among de Broadway stages. Dey
 ob de way, Dis Broadway line ob stages.



drive so fast, both up and down, I



real - ly think em crazy. Dey wouldn't care if



they knock'd down a woman or a ba - by.

You pull de strap, de stage to stop,
 To let out some young ladies,
 Some Dutchmen aud an Irishman,
 And fourteen little babies;
 Dey hardly git out on de steps,
 All in a mighty bundle,
 The driver cracks his whip, and then—
 Right in de mud dey tumble!

Oh, if you want to take a ride,
 To see the sights and faces,
 De place to git your money's worth
 Am in de Broadway stages.
 You see de gals a-smilin' there—
 It'll almost set you crazy;
 You'll feel as strong as Samson did
 When he slew de gates ob Gaza!

MY LOWLAND HOME.

Composed by HENRY TUCKER, Esq.

(The words of this song, with the music, are published in sheet-form by Sawyer and Thompson, 59 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and are used in this book by permission.)

O MEM'RY, sweetly thou recall'st bright visions of the past!
 Again the joys of youth are mine, the brightest still the
 last;
 Again I through the pleasant fields and flowery valleys
 roam;
 I see the clust'ring woodbine twine around my Lowland
 home.

Chorus.

My Lowland home, around my Lowland home,
 I see the clust'ring woodbine twine around my Lowland
 home!
 My Lowland home, my Lowland home,
 I see the clust'ring woodbine twine around my Lowland
 home!

The gray thatched roof, the low white wall, the gently-sloping hill;
 The stream that leaves its grassy bank and turns the neighbor'ing mill;
 The yellow broom and snow-white thorn, the cat'ract's dashing foam;
 The daisy-scattered meads that skirt my happy Lowland home!

My Lowland home, etc.

Vice flies the peaceful, hallowed spot—it dare not enter there,
 For sweet ascends the evening hymn and morning's offered prayer;
 And joys unknown in halls of pride, or splendor's lofty dome,
 Encircle still earth's sweetest spot, my own dear Lowland home!

My Lowland home, etc.

SPARKING.

SAM, I went sparkin' de oder night.
 You did?
 Yes, but I'll neber go agin.
 Why not?
 'Case de rain come and put all de *sparks* out, and I was like de *light* of oder days.
 How's that?
 Gone out.

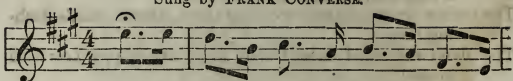
A RACE.

SAM, did you hear 'bout de race wot's goin' to come off pooty soon?
 No. What are the names of the runners?
 Wall, de night-mare is goin' to trot to de telegraph's twenty-five miles, twice dat number.
 Which do you think will beat?
 Why, boff, of course."

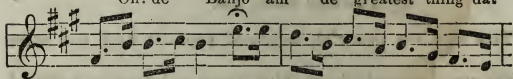
DE OLD BANJO.

Comic Banjo Solo.

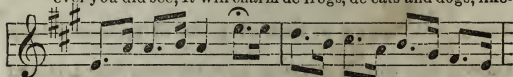
Sung by FRANK CONVERSE.



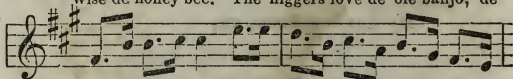
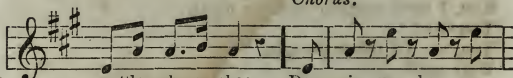
Oh! de Banjo am de greatest thing dat



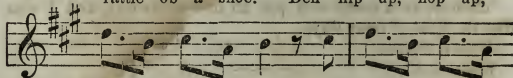
ever you did see, It will charm de frogs, de cats and dogs, like-



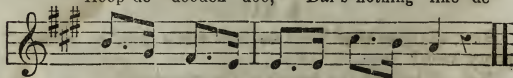
wise de honey bee. The niggers love de ole banjo, de

white folks love him too, So I'll give an imi - tation in de
Chorus.

rattle ob a shoe. Den nip up, hop up,



Hoop de dooden doo, Dar's nothing like de



banjo * for to put de matter through.

It was on one summer evening, when de moon was very
high;

I went to serenade my gal—de tear was in my eye.

She says, "My dear, my duck-i-dee, I think you'd better stop"—

Up went de winder, and down there come a great big pail of slop!

So I'll give, etc.

De banjo's like a fryin'-pan—handle sometimes holler,
To let de vibration pass round, like a silver doller;
And den it throws right back upon its jingulation,
Wid Paganini-Cremona strings, to sound emancipation.

So I'll give, etc.

It was in de year ob 'Seventy-six de banjo fust did rattle:
De niggers gathered all around, like smoke does in de battle;
Dey danced there for leben years, and neber stopped to think,

When up come de king of France, wid a bottle ob blue ink.

So I'll give, etc.

TOO TRUE TO NATURE.

SAM, did you hear of me bein' a painter?

No, Julius, I did not.

I am; and, Sam, I am one ob de most natural painters you eber did see.

Why, how so?

One time I painted a beautiful pictur ob way out in de country.

A rural landscape, I suppose you mean?

Yes, I 'spose so; and in de pictur dar was a cabbage-field fenced in, and in anoder part ob de pictur I painted a beautiful cow; and jest as I had finished paintin' de cow, an awful catastrophy occurred.

Well, what was it?

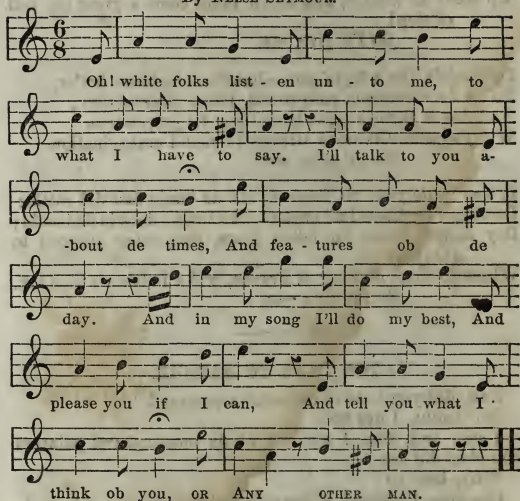
Why, Sam, it spoilt de pictur.

What was the accident?

De accident was dis. De pictur was so true to natur, dat when I'd done paintin' de cow, she jumped ober de fence and eat up all de cabbages! So it spoilt de paintin'.

OR ANY OTHER MAN. (Comic Banjo-Song.)

By NELSE SEYMOUR.



Oh! white folks list - en un - to me, to
 what I have to say. I'll talk to you a-
 -bout de times, And fea - tures ob de
 day. And in my song I'll do my best, And
 please you if I can, And tell you what I
 think ob you, OR ANY OTHER MAN.

De politicians Norf and Souf am gittin' mighty crusty;
 De nigger-question's all de talk, and things are lookin'
 dusty;
 But while de flag ob freedom waves throughout our native
 land,
 We're bound to keep de Union safe, *or any other man.*

Brave Mac he led our army on, so ever brave and true;
 And if dey'd only let him alone, he'd put de war right
 through;
 For he himself would drill de men, and soon would laid a plan
 To drive secession from our soil, *or any other man.*

POP GOES THE NIGGER!

End-Song.

As sung by CHARLEY FOX.

When peo - ple po - li - tics do talk,
 Pop. goes the nig - ger. Dey say dey'll make de
 rebels walk, Pop, goes the nig - ger. The
 po - li - ticians are keeping still, De contraband dey
 can - not kill, But when they want to
 pass a BILL, Pop, goes the nig - ger.

[For the chorus, repeat the last three lines of each verse.]

John Bull he tried a row to make—

Pop goes the nigger!

He tried this Union for to break—

Pop goes the nigger!

He says he is a Union man,

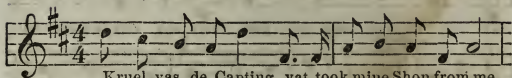
To stop the war he's got a plan:

But when he comes to show his hand—

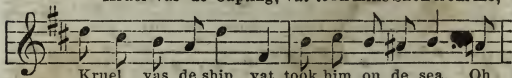
Pop goes the nigger!

Oh, now my little song am done—
 Pop goes the nigger!
 I hope I have offended none—
 Pop goes the nigger!
 They're fightin' now all through de land—
 They say to free de contraband;
 De war will soon be settled, and—
 Pop goes the nigger!

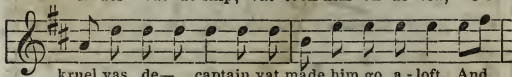
KRUELTY TO JOHNNY.



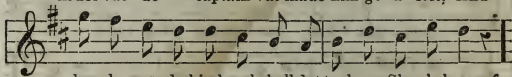
Krueley vas de Captin, vat took mine Shon from me,



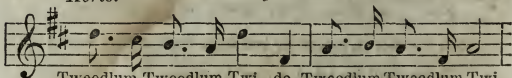
Krueley vas de ship, vat took him on de sea, Oh



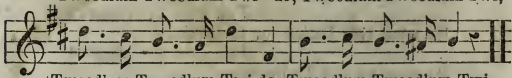
krueley vas de— captain vat made him go a-loft, And



krueley vas de big bombshell dat took my Shon's legs orf.
 Koris.



Tweedlum Tweedlum Twi do, Tweedlum Tweedlum Twi,



Tweedlum Tweedlum Twi do, Tweedlum Tweedlum Twi.

Krueley is de vintar, vat now is comin' right on;
 Krueley is de Sheidam snoops vat isn't quite too strong enuff;

Kruel vas de ship vat on dem seas does lies,
But krueler vas de captain ven he knocked out my Shon's
left eye.

Tweedlum, etc.

Kruel vas de hour ven I did leave my home;
Kruel vas de vind vat blow'd an orfal storm;
Kruel vas de ship vat sink to rise no more;
But krueler was de bar of soft soap vat wouldn't vash my
Shon ashore!

Tweedlum, etc.

Kruel is de cold vedder vich now is comin' on;
Kruel is de poorhouse-mens vat's boarded us so long
And kruel is de bolicemens, and kruel is de laws;
But krueler vill you be, mine kind friends, ef you don't give
us some more applause.

Tweedlum, etc.

THE DIFFERENCE.

SAM, can you tell me the difference between a Dutch-
man and a Know-Nothing?

No, I cannot.

Well, I'll tell you.

What is the difference?

Bekase one is Dutch upon de down, and de oder is *down*
upon de Dutch.

CONUNDRUMS.

SAM, why was Vespuccius de navigator so jovial?

Julius, I don't know.

Because, Sam, he was *A-meri-cus*.

Why are red-headed soldiers always ready to fight?

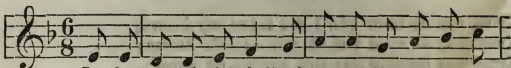
Because dey carry deir *fire-locks* on deir shoulders.

When is a boat like a knife?

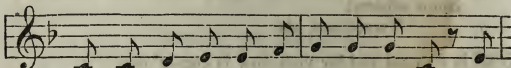
When it's a cutter.

LANIGAN'S BALL.

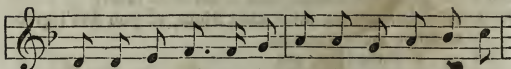
As sung by NELSE SEYMOUR.



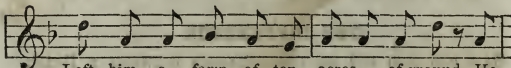
In the town of Athol lived one Micky Lanigan,
Cho. ——— Whack fol lol fol lol— fol lod - e - ra,



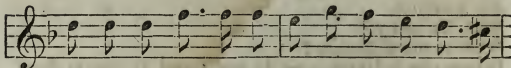
Batter'd away till he hadn't a pound. His
 Whack fol lol— fol lol fol la.



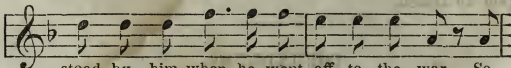
father he died, and it made him a man a - gin,
 Whack fol lol fol lol— fol lod - e - ra.



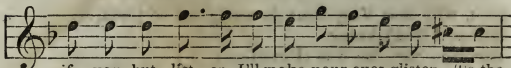
Left him a farin of ten acres of ground. He
 Whack fol lol fol lol fol la.



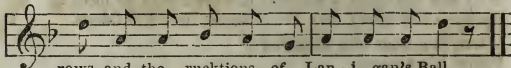
gave a large party to all his re - lation, That



stood by him when he went off to the war. So



if you but list - en I'll make your eyes glisten, To the



rows and the rucktions of Lan - i - gan's Ball.

'Twas I myself received invitation
 To invite all the girls and boys I might ask;
 In less than five minutes I had friends and relation,
 All singing as merry as bees round a cask.
 There was Jenny O'Hara, the nate little milliner,
 She tipped me the wink, and asked me to call;
 When who should arrive but Timothy Gillighan,
 Just in time for Lanigan's ball?

Whack! fol, etc.

When I arrived they was dancin' the polka,
 All round the room in a queer whirligig;
 Jenny and I put an end to the nonsense—
 We tipped them a taste of a nate Irish jig.
 Oh, molly murther! now wasn't she proud of me?
 We battered the floor till the ceiling did fall;
 For I'd spent three weeks at Brooks's academy,
 A-larnin' the steps for Lanigan's ball.

Whack! fol, etc.

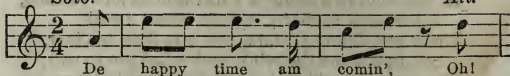
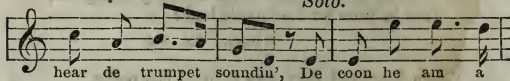
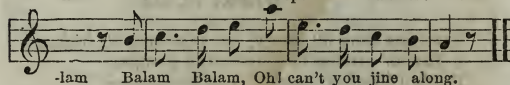
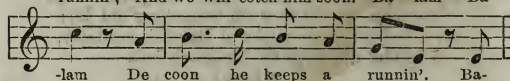
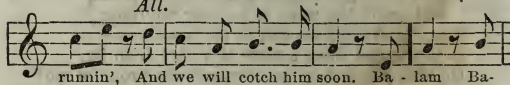
The boys were all merry, the gals were all frisky,
 Dancin' around in couples and groups;
 Paddy O'Rafferty met with an accident—
 Got his right leg in Miss Lanigan's hoops.
 The creature she fainted, and cried, "Molly murther!"
 She called for her friends, and gathered them all;
 Tim Donnelly swore that he'd go no further,
 But he'd have satisfaction at Lanigan's ball.

Whack! fol, etc.

Och, my boys! oh, there was the ruction;
 Myself got a tip from Felix McCool—
 I quickly replied to his nate introduction,
 And kicked up the devil's own fill-a-ba-loo!
 Ould Kaser the piper he got nearly strangled;
 He packed up his pipes, his chanters, and all;
 The girls in their ribbons they all got entangled,
 And that put an end to Lanigan's ball.

Whack! fol, etc.

DE COON-HUNTERS. (Walk around.)

*Solo.**All.**Solo.**All.*

De coon he am a foolin',
 He thinks dat we is funnin';
 Ole Towser he will wool him,
 And make him sing dis song.
 Balam, etc.

De coon he am a bilin',
 De fire we keep a pilin',
 To keep de meat from spilin',
 Just for de barbecue.
 Balam, etc.

We're gwine to jine de Union,
 And lib with Father Abram,
 And stop de pickin' cotton,
 So we can hunt de coon.
 Balam, etc.

THREE BLIND MICE.

Comic Round.

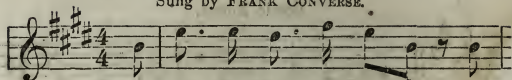
Three blind mice— See how they
run— They all run right after the farmer's wife, She
cut off their tails with a car - ving
knife: Did ev - er you hear such a
tale in your life? Three blind mice—

CONUNDRUMS.

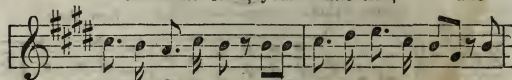
WHEN is a bedstead not a bedstead?
When it's a little buggy.
Why is an old coat like iron?
Because it is a specimen ob hard-ware.
Why is a mince-pie like a meeting-house?
Because you can walk into it.
Why is a railroad-car like a bed-bug?
Because it runs on sleepers.
Why is an old maid like a stale lemon?
Because neither ain't worth squeezin'.

DANDY PETE. (Banjo Solo.)

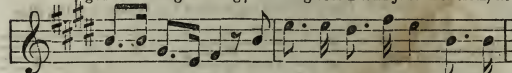
Sung by FRANK CONVERSE.



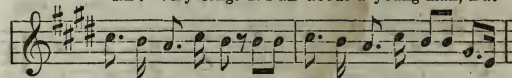
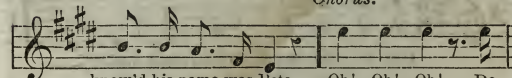
Oh! white folks, your attention, I'se



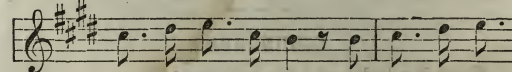
goin' to sing a song; And I guess I will just mention, It



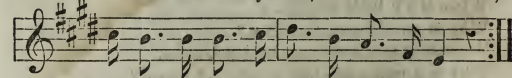
isn't very long. It's all about a young man, Dat

tho't hisself so neat. For he call'd himself Augustus, But I
Chorus.

know'd his name was Pete. Oh! Oh! Oh! De



ladies al - ways said, he look'd so sweet,



and dress'd so neat, he almost kill'd 'em dead.

Dis young man had no money,

But den he dressed so neat!

He wore a big brass breastpin,

Dat he bought in Chatham street;

He wore a false mustacher,
His cheeks he used to paint;
And when he rolled his eyes around,
He made de ladies faint.

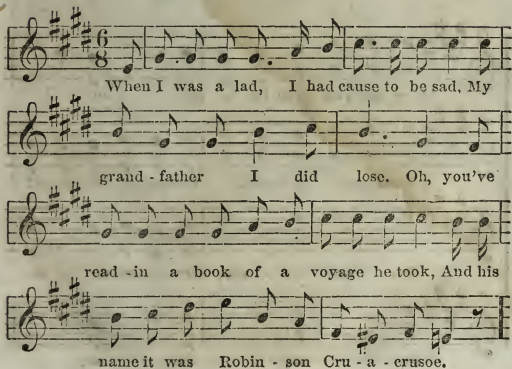
For he called, etc.

He called upon his sweetheart;
And when he left de room,
They found dat sweet Augustus
Had borrowed all de spoons!
An M. P. soon did nab him,
Which took away his breath;
And now he's gone to Sing Sing,
To benefit his health.

For he called, etc.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Comic Quartette.



When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, My
grand - father I did lose. Oh, you've
read - in a book of a voyage he took, And his
name it was Robin - son Cru - a - crusoe.

Last Chorus.

Oh! poor Robinson Cru - soe,

Robinson! Robinson! Robinson! Robinson!

Cru - soe, Cru - soe, Cru - a - cru - so so,

so— so, so, so.

How did you come for to do so?

Robinson! Robinson! Robinson! Robinson!

Cru - soe, Cru - soe, Cru - a - cru - so so,

so, so, so, so.

Hick - e - ry, bick - e - ry, my black hen ;

Robinson! Robinson! Robinson! Robinson!

Cru - soe, Cru - soe, Cru - soe, Cru - soe,

so, so, so, so.

Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe.

Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe.

Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe.

Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe.

[Sing chorus to first and second verses in unison.]

He got all the wood that ever he could,
 And he stuck it together with glue, so ;
 He built him a hut, and in it he put
 The carcass of Robinson Crusoe.

Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe, etc.

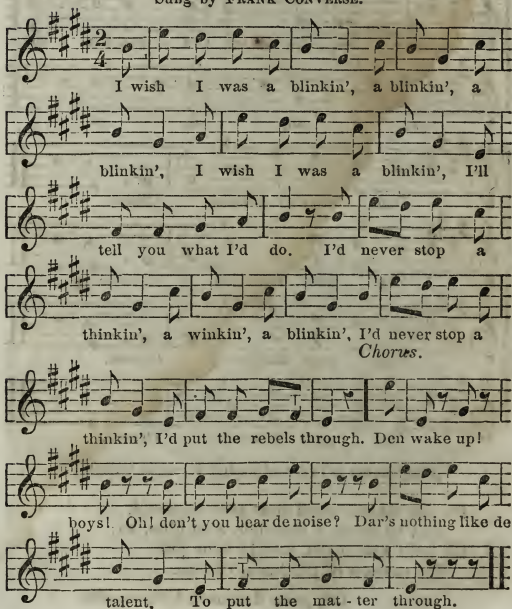
He was brought to a stand by a track in the sand,
Without any boot or a shoe, so:

"Oh, what have we here? it's a filibuster—
A Walker!" says Robinson Crusoe.

Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe, etc.

WHAT I WISH. (Comic Banjo-Song.)

Sung by FRANK CONVERSE.



I wish I was a blinkin', a blinkin', a
blinkin', I wish I was a blinkin', I'll
tell you what I'd do. I'd never stop a
thinkin', a winkin', a blinkin', I'd never stop a
Chorus.
thinkin', I'd put the rebels through. Den wake up!
boys! Oh! don't you hear de noise? Dar's nothing like de
talent, To put the mat-ter through.

If I was Bull Run Russell—Bull Russell—Run Russell,
 If I was Bull Run Russell, I tell you what I'd do:
 I'd travel on my muscle—my Benicia—my muscle,
 And whiskey I would guzzle, and blow a little too.
 Oh, if I was much bigger—some bigger—great bigger,
 Oh, if I was some bigger, I tell you what I'd do:
 I'd buy up all de niggers—de niggers—de colored African-
 American citizens,
 I'd buy up all de niggers, and—sell 'em, wouldn't you?

SHODDY-CONTRACTS. (End-Song.)

Oh! every body now is making money
 fast, Just keep de war a goin', and we'll all be rich at
 last. You mustn't stand a foolin', but go right in and
 win, Just take a shoddy contract, dat's de
Chorus.
 way to raise de wind. Oh! dis am de
 time, So all go in and win, Just
 take an army contract, Dat's the way to raise the "tin."

De brigadiers and hoss-marines am gittin' mighty grand,
Wid "giltments" on his sholdiers, and their delicate white
hands;

Dey never see'd a battle, dey go it on red tape—
Wid pockets full of "greenbacks," dey travel on their
shape.

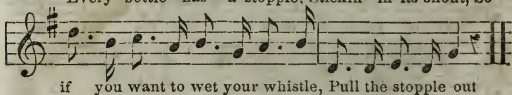
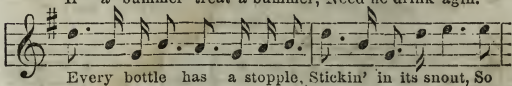
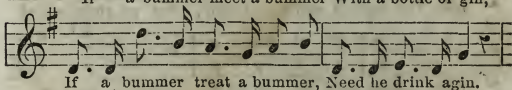
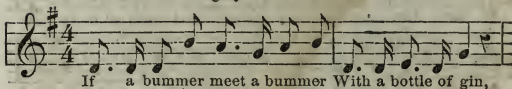
Young ladies now, they are so grand, dey play de grand
piano;

They say they'll never mar-i-e, unless they get the rhino.
Now, if you want to marry some pretty little charmer,
Just take a shoddy-contract, and she'll marry you to-
morrow.

PULL THE STOPPLE OUT.

Comic Ballad.

As sung by CHARLEY FOX.



If a bummer treat a bummer
To fourth-proof camphene,
Should that bummer retaliate,
And give him a smack in the snout?

Every bottle has a stopple
Stickin' in its snout—
So if you want to wet your whistle,
Pull the stopple out.

If a bummer tell some bummers
What he's singin' about,
Need a bummer tell them bummers
That the thing's played out?
Every bottle has a stopple
Stickin' in its snout—
So if you want to wet your whistle,
Pull the stopple out.

SEND DE SOJERS DOWN! (Walk around.)

By FRANK B. CONVERSE.

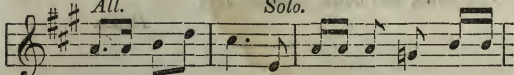
Solo.



Ah — A nigger got lost in de wilderness—

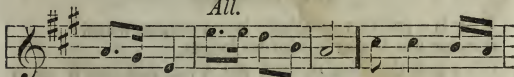
All.

Solo.

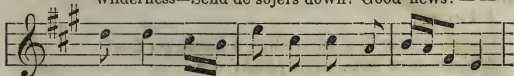


Send de sojers down! A nigger got lost in de

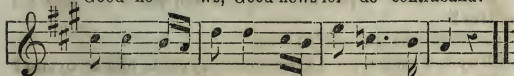
All.



wilderness—Send de sojers down! Good news! —



Good ne — — ws, Good news for de contraband!



Good ne — — ws! Good news, New born again.

Abram Linkum said to me—
 Send de sojers down!
 He's gwine to make de niggers free—
 Send de sojers down!
 Good news, good news, good news from Abraham!
 Good news, good news—new born again!

Dance.

De niggers den will be de king—
 Send de sojers down!
 And how we'll make de white folks sing—
 Send de sojers down!
 Good news, good news, good news for de colored folks!
 Good news, good news—new born again!

Dance.

Dey're goin' for to try for to make de niggers fight—
 Send de sojers down!
 But we will run wid all our might—
 Send de sojers down!
 Bad news, bad news, bad news from Abraham!
 Bad news, bad news, Abri-u-ham!

Dance.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a pretty young lady like a wagon-wheel?
 Because she is surrounded by felloes.

What is it that is a cat and not a cat, and yet it am a cat?

A kitten.

Why is a hog in a parlor like a house on fire?
 Because they both want puttin' out.

What makes a pet dog wag his tail when he sees his master?

Because he's got one to wag.

Why is a man with a great many servants like an oyster?
 Because he's eat out of house and home.

OLD CREMONA SONGSTER.

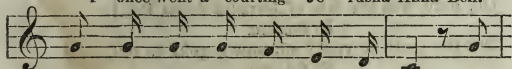
JERUSHA ANNA BELL.

Comic Banjo Song.

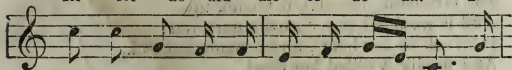
Sung by FRANK CONVERSE.



I once went a courting Je - rusha Anna Bell.



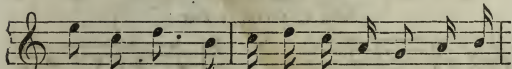
Ri fol - de - did - dle ol de da. I



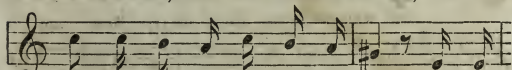
courted her kase I liked her very well. Oh,



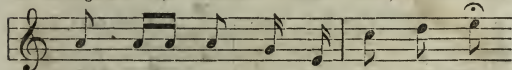
Ri - fol - diddle ol de da. She was



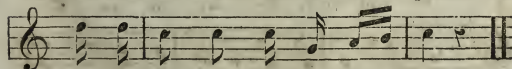
tall and slim, and den she was so rich, She be-



-long'd to de ROOSTER - CRATIC rank, Kase she



had seven dol - lars in shin - plasters,



And she kept them in de Faro Bank.

One day I asked her for to marry me,

Ri fol, etc.

She threw back her bonnet, and hollered, "No, sir-ee!"

Ri fol, etc.

Says she, "Young man, I think you are too poor,

And I don't think that you have got much brains;

For when I marry, I want a man

That knows enough to come in when it rains!"

Oh, hard was the fate of Jerusha Anna Bell!

Ri fol, etc.

But the truth to you I am now a-goin' to tell,

Ri fol, etc.

The faro-bank, one day it busted up,

And it wouldn't pay Jerusha nary red:

It struck to her heart, and it made her sick,

And finally it killed her dead.

"I CAN'T HELP DAT."

Comic Song.

Sung by CHARLEY FOX.

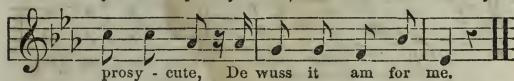
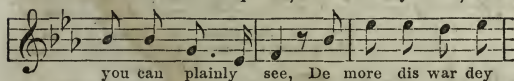
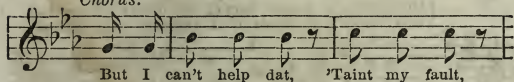
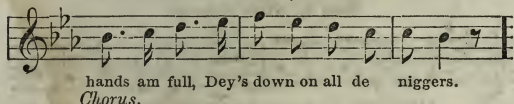
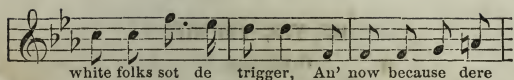
The musical score is written on four staves in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "De white folks say dis mi-ty fuss am gittin' wuss and bigger, And sum folks, dey am mad enuff, To say it am de nigger. And if it am, I can't help dat, de".

De white folks say dis mi-ty fuss am

gittin' wuss and bigger, And sum folks, dey

am mad enuff, To say it am de

nigger. And if it am, I can't help dat, de



I've lived for more than forty years,

And never see'd a trouble;

And, wid some folks, de nigger am

De issue ob de debil—

Bekase dey's black, and some am free

As any in de nashun;

And some ob us now smell a mice

In de bill ob de confiscashun.

But I can't help dat, etc.

Now, some folks said, "Oh, who'd a thought,

When fust dey made de figger,

Dat all de Norf and all de Souf

Would fuss about de niggers?"

Up in de Norf dey sets him free,

And in de Souf dey spend him;

Now, if dey set de niggers free,

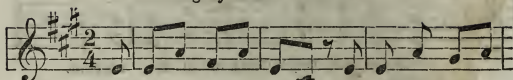
Whar is dey gwine to send 'em?

But I can't help dat, etc.

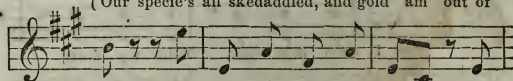
OH, YES, 'TIS SO!

Comic Song.

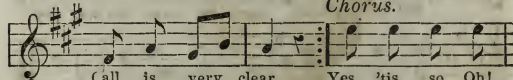
Sung by NELSE SEYMOUR.



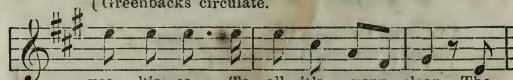
{ Our nation's topsy turvy, and things are looking
 { Our specie's all skedaddled, and gold am out of



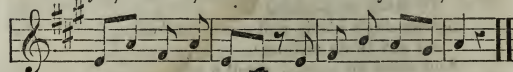
{ queer, For dat de times am shaky, to
 { date, Shinplasters too have fizzled, now

Chorus.

{ all is very clear. Yes, 'tis so, Oh!
 { Greenbacks circulate.



yes, 'tis so, To all it's very clear, The



nation's topsy turvy, And things are looking queer.

Our rulers down at Washington excited seem to be—
 We've had a proclamation, for to set de niggers free:
 Now, Brother Horace says, that they emancipation get;
 But Horace must mistaken be, the "darks" don't see it yet.

Now, Giddy Welles they say's asleep, but soon he may
 awake;

And Stanton take a lesson, too, and no more blunders make.
 We've got an army large enough at once to clear de track,
 If "red tape" will but rest a while, and give us Little Mac.

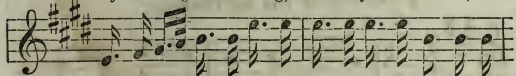
DE HISTORY OB DE BANJO.

Comic Banjo-Solo.

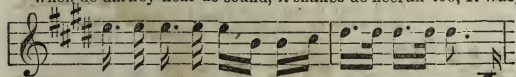
Sung by FRANK CONVERSE.



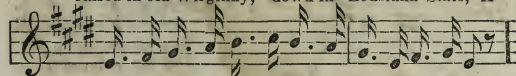
De banjo am de greatest thing, dat ever you did know, And



when de darkey hear de sound, it shakes de heel an' toe, It was

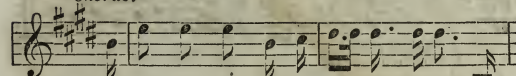


raised in old Wirginny, down in Lousiana State, A-

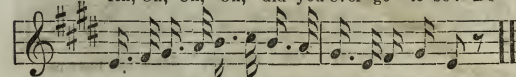


-bout ten thousand years ago, for so de people state.

Chorus.



Ah, Oh, Oh, Oh, did you ever go to be! De



banjo am de wonderfulest thing you ever see.

De darkeys they do love to work in massa's cotton-gin,
But always hate to hear de words, "Now go to work
agin;"

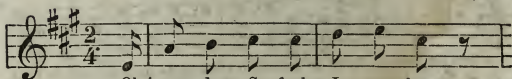
But when de oberseer comes 'round, it always grieves us
so,

We stop de work, and play a tune upon de old banjo.

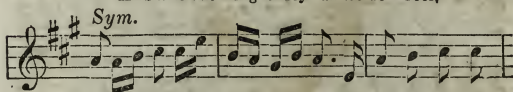
Dis darkey's gwine to leave de Souf—to Canada he'll go,
 'Kase I trabels on my muscle, and I plays de old banjo;
 I'se gwine to wear big ruffles, and gloves upon de hand,
 And I'se a-goin' to blow de drum in Dodworth's big brass
 band.

BANJO DUETT.

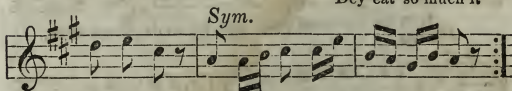
As sung by Fox and CONVERSE.



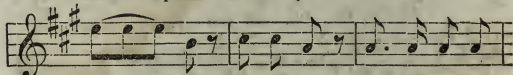
Oh! way down Souf whar I was born,
 And when at night dey dance de reel,



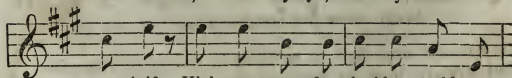
Dey fat de lit - tle
 Dey eat so much it



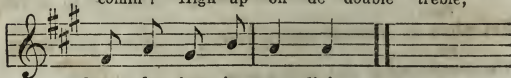
nigs on corn -
 makes 'em squeal.



Skid-e - ki - di, Oh! my eye, don't you hear us



comin'? High up on de double treble,



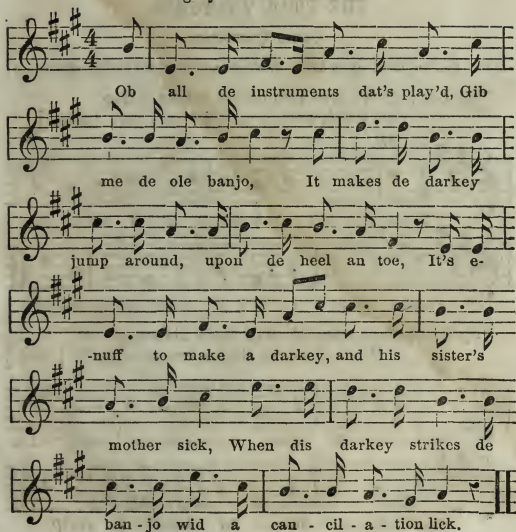
hear de ban - jo soun - din'.

A bull-frog, dressed in sojers' clothes,
Went to de field to shoot some crows:
De crows dey know'd he had no gun,
And so he couldn't make 'em run.

Ob all de things I eber eat,
Dars nothing like de 'possum-meat!
It's good to make de banjo sound,
And raise your heel right off de ground.

COMIC BANJO SOLO.

Sung by FRANK CONVERSE.



Ob all de instruments dat's play'd, Gib
me de ole banjo, It makes de darkey
jump around, upon de heel an toe, It's e-
-nuff to make a darkey, and his sister's
mother sick, When dis darkey strikes de
ban-jo wid a can - cil - a - tion lick.

I played before de King ob France, likewise de Queen ob Spain;

And for de Queen ob Englum, right in de Drury Lane.
She says, "My hansum colored boy, just play a little jig,
I want to have a little dance"—she danced just like a pig!

I never will forget it, and I think I never ought,
When I played before de jury and de judge, right in de court.

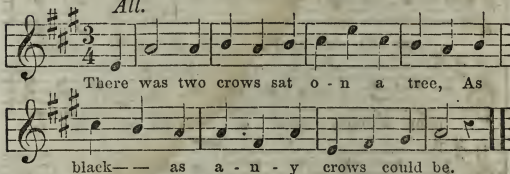
De man was tried for murder, but de judge was full ob glee;
De banjo made him happy, and he set dat poor man free.

THE FOUR VULTURES.

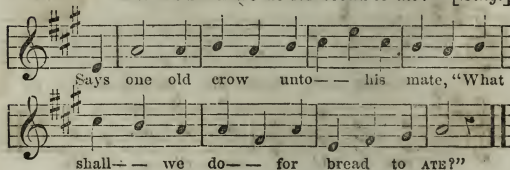
Comic Quartette.

(The leader, with open book, recites each couplet before singing.)

[*Spoken.*] There was two crows sat on a tree,
As black as any crows could be. [*Sing.*]
All.



[*Spoken.*] Says one old crow unto his mate,
"What shall we do for bread to ate?" [*Sing.*]

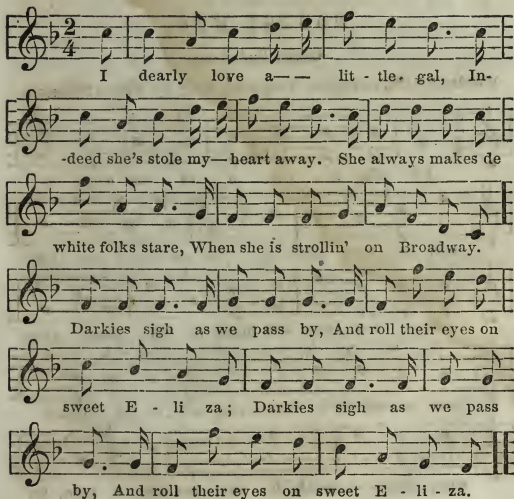


Then up did rise the other crow,
And said, "I don't know what to do:
The farmer he does watch his corn,
And keeps it locked up in the barn.

"On yonder field a horse has lain,
Who has been only three days slain;
We'll light upon his bare backbone,
And pick his eyes out, one by one!"

SWEET ELIZA.

End-Song.



I dearly love a— lit - tle gal, In-
-deed she's stole my—heart away. She always makes de
white folks stare, When she is strollin' on Broadway.
Darkies sigh as we pass by, And roll their eyes on
sweet E - li za; Darkies sigh as we pass
by, And roll their eyes on sweet E - li - za.

Her mother she does take in washin',
 And starches collars for de gents;
 And Eliza, like a good little daughter,
 Hangs 'em to dry out on de fence.

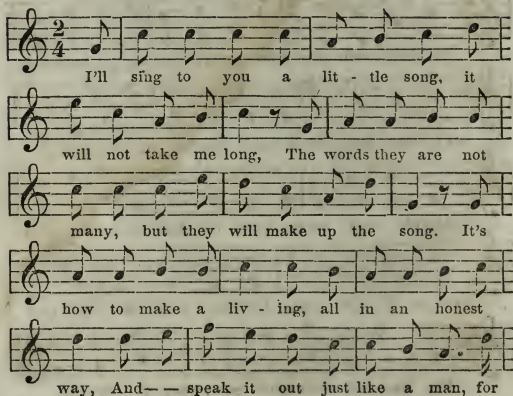
Her mammy is a *cream o' Tartar*,
 And she don't like me pretty well;
 She doused me in a pail of water,
 Which didn't make me feel very well.

I asked Eliza if she'd have me,
 And give up her pro-fes-si-on:
 She jumped right up and said, "Don't tarry!"
 And we was quickly spliced in one.

HONEST MEN.

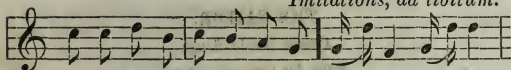
Comic End-Song.

Words by SAUL SERTREW. Originally sung by NELSE SEYMOUR.



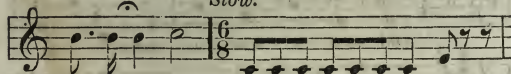
I'll sing to you a lit - tle song, it
 will not take me long, The words they are not
 many, but they will make up the song. It's
 how to make a liv - ing, all in an honest
 way, And— — speak it out just like a man, for

Imitations, ad libitum.



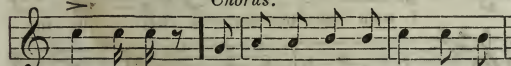
all you've got to say, With your "Soap fat," "Rags," "Soap fat,"
"Tin"

Slow.

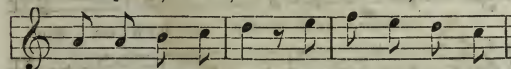


ware to mend," "Brooms," "Aney old locks yez wants kays fur?"

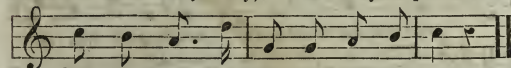
Chorus.



"Glass put in," Oh, these fa - miliar cries, You can



hear them every day, And as you pass a-



-long the street, You hear just what they say.

There was a man lived in dis town, who cut a dashing
swell—

He sported lots of jewelry, so de ladies liked him well;
So, just for to please de ladies, his money he did spend—
He was afraid to steal, so he just turned an honest man.

With hts [imitations], etc.

The politicians grumble some, and say their gittin' poor,
For Abram saw their little tricks, and shut the treasury-
door.

Don't be too nice—take my advice—'tis good, you may
depend:

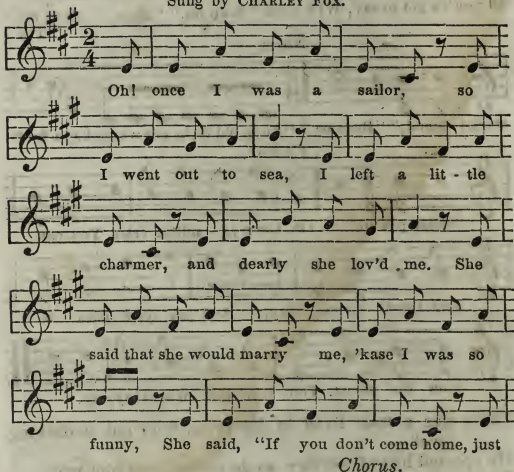
With hook and basket—stock enough to make you honest
men.

With your [imitations], etc.

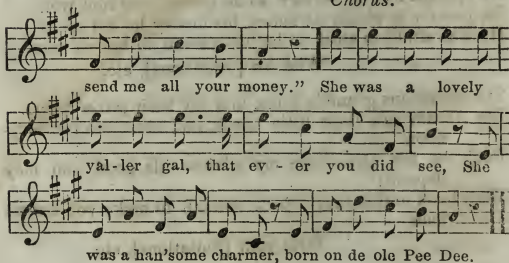
THE SAILOR.

Comic Banjo-Song.

Sung by CHARLEY FOX.



Oh! once I was a sailor, so
 I went out to sea, I left a lit - tle
 charmer, and dearly she lov'd me. She
 said that she would marry me, 'kase I was so
 funny, She said, "If you don't come home, just
Chorus.



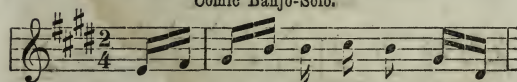
send me all your money." She was a lovely
 yal-ler gal, that ev - er you did see, She
 was a han'some charmer, born on de ole Pee Dee.

I sent her all my money, just like a beetle-head;
And when I come to know things, I found dat she had fled,
Oh, now I'm sad and lonely—it's almost killed me dead;
I've got a mind to drown myself, or jump off some man's shed.

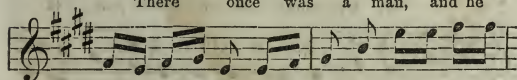
Now, darkeys, take a warnin'—just listen unto me:
Oh, never be a sailor, if you want for to marry!
Dis charmin' gal am ruined now, as you shall plainly see—
She got married to another nig, and dat was bigamy.

THE FIFTH-AVENOODLE BELLE.

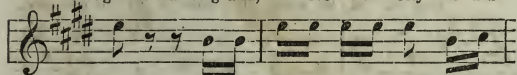
Comic Banjo-Solo.



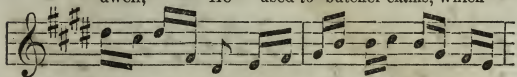
There once was a man, and he



thought he was so grand, In New York City he did

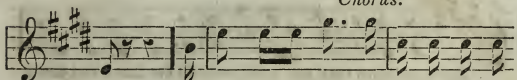


dwelt; He used to butcher clams, which

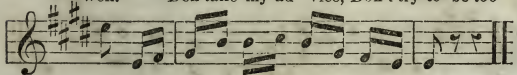


rather soiled his hands, So the trade it didn't suit him very

Chorus.



well. Den take my ad - vice, Don't try to be too



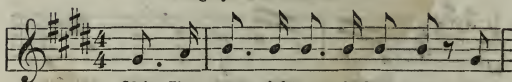
nice, But always take a trick when you can.

He wore such han'some clothes, strapped way down to his
 And he cut such a mighty swell! [toes,
 So, on one very fine day, he got married right away,
 To a dashing Fifth-Avenoodle belle.

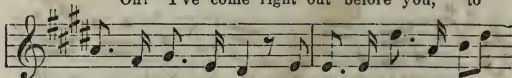
One day, as he was walkin' up and down de street,
 Along with his avenoodle dear,
 His daddy-in-law he found was boss of a candy-stand,
 And his business was sellin' soda-beer!

SALLY WHITE. (Comic Banjo-Solo.)

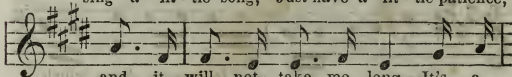
Sung by CHARLEY FOX.



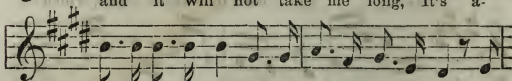
Oh! I've come right out before you, to



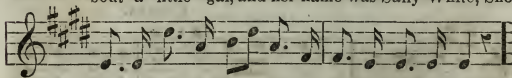
sing a lit - tle song, Just have a lit - tle patience,



and it will not take me long, It's a-

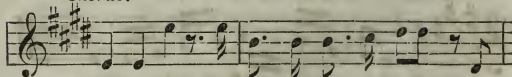


-bout a little gal, and her name was Sally White, She

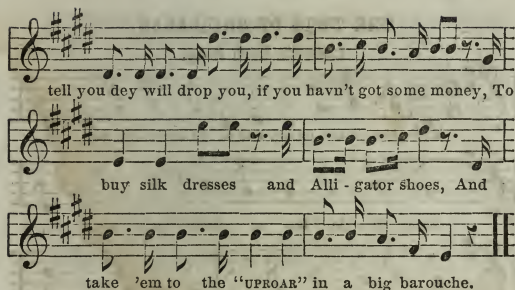


lov'd me more than any man, with all her main and might.

Chorus.



Oh! white folks, de gals dey are so funny, I



Now, Sally was de tallest gal dat ever you did see;
Her voice it was so sweeter dan de little humming-bee;
And when she took a nap, she looked sweeter dan de angel:
But when she went to eat, why, she always cleared de table.

Oh, white folks, etc.

There's one thing more I have to say, it's hard for to relate,
Sally she skedaddled 'way down to de Southern state;
And now she's mendin' trousers for Jeff Davis's brigadiers;
And if she would come back to me, I'd give her three smacks
in de jaw!

Oh, white folks, etc.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a poor man like a baker?
Because he needs de dough.

Who was the oldest woman?
Aunt-Iquity.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?
Because neither is satisfied with a moderate use of the
glass.

THE TWIG OF SHILLALAH.

Patriotic Irish Song.

Mulrooney's my name, I'm a co - mic - al boy, A
tight lit - tle lad, at Shil - la - lah, St.
Pad - dy wid whiskey he suckled me, joy, A -
-mong the sweet bogs of Kil - la - lah. The
world I be - gan with a prospect so fair, My
dad was worth nothing, and I was his heir, So
all my estate was a heart free from care, And a
tight lit - tle twig of shil - la - lah.

"Turn captain," cried dad, "and if kilt in the strife,
Success and long life to shillalah!
Your fortune is made all the rest of your life,
As sure as there's bogs in Killalah!"

But thinks I, "Spite of what fame and glory bequeath,
How conceited I'd look in a fine laurel-wreath,
Wid my head in my mouth, to stand pickin' my teeth
Wid a tight little twig of shillalah!"

To sustain the Union I firmly will aid,
Wid my tight little twig of shillalah;
For a divil of a rumpus Jeff Davis has made,
As sure as there's bogs in Killalah!
I'll still for our friends have a heart warm and true,
To our foes give my hand—for what else can I do?
Yes, I'll give 'em my hand—but along wid it, too,
A tight little twig of shillalah!

TO SEE WHAT I CAN SEE. (Comic Banjo-Song.)

Sung by CHARLEY FOX.

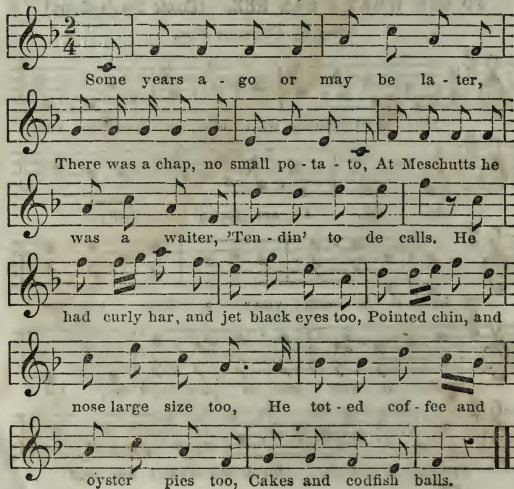
Oh! good evening, white folks, oh! how do you
do, Oh, I am feelin' bully,
how is it with you? I hope you are
well, if you are it just suits me, I'll
just look at you all, for to see what I can see.

Now, there's a man a smilin', he's dressed so very neat,
Wid his arm around a little gal, she looks so very sweet;
He looks a kind-er languishin', she looks him in de eye—
But if her mammy heard ob dis, why, she'd bust out and cry

Oh, don't you see dat charmer, a-sittin' over there?
She's dressed to deff wid jewelry, and ringlets in her hair.
Her husband's mighty rich, and has got a bad cough;
It's made him sick, a-buyin' things for her to show off.

Now, there's a hansum clerk, wid eyelashes on his lip;
He kisses all de pretty gals, wid his sip-per, sip—ah—sip;
He does it kind-er careless, and always on de sly;
But if he doesn't steal a dress, de gals dey say, "Oh, fie!"

THE GAY YOUNG WAITER. (Sung by NELSE SEYMOUR.)



Some years a - go or may be la - ter,
There was a chap, no small po - ta - to, At Meschutts he
was a waiter, 'Ten - din' to de calls. He
had curly har, and jet black eyes too, Pointed chin, and
nose large size too, He tot - ed cof - fee and
oyster pies too, Cakes and codfish balls.

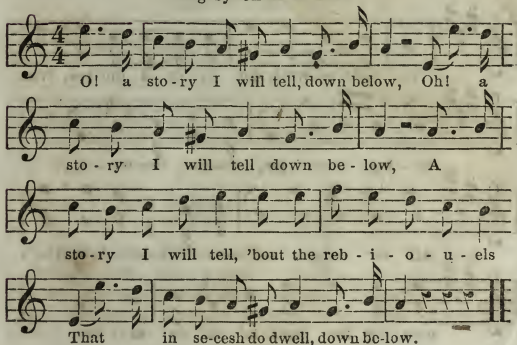
There was a gal—one Jane Matilda—
 Love for him had nearly killed her;
 She was a straw-bonnet builder,
 In a shop down town.
 Dressed to death, with han'some features,
 Every day he'd go to meet her,
 And to lager-bier he would treat her—
 Oh, he did it brown!

He promised he'd be her defender,
 And to de *halter* he'd attend her;
 But he went off on a bender,
 And he soon got tight.
 De police found him in de gutter—
 Not a word he scarce could utter;
 So dey brought him on a shutter,
 To de Tombs dat night.

DOWN BELOW.

A Pathetic Ballad.

Sung by CHARLEY FOX.



Ol a sto-ry I will tell, down below, Oh! a
 sto-ry I will tell down be-low, A
 sto-ry I will tell, 'bout the reb-i-o-u-els
 That in se-cesh do dwell, down be-low.

Oh, my name is Abe Linkum,
Down below!

Oh, my name is Abe Linkum,
Down below!

Oh, my name is Abe Linkum,
On the "goose" question I'm some,
And the rebels I will drum
Down below!

Oh, Secession's bound to fall,
Down below!

Oh, Secession's bound to fall,
Down below!

Oh, Secession's bound to fall—
Davis, Beauregard, and all;
I will drive 'em to the wall,
Down below!

FIGHTIN' IN DE ARMY.

Banjo-Song.

Sung by CHARLEY FOX.

De hard-es work dat ev-er I did see, Was
be-ing a so-ger, standin' sen-ter-e,
All for to go, and wear de sojer's clo'se, Dar's
noth-ing like fight-in' in de ar-my.

Chorus.

Rum - tum, bum, don't you hear de drum?

Drums and de fi - fers, don't you hear 'em blow?

Hold up your head, and throw out your chest, And

be a brig - a - di - er in de ar - my.

Oh! if you want to be a big man,
Go down to Washington and steal all you can;
Wear good clothes and drink gin slings,
And you can be a *kurnel* in de army.

Rumtum, bum, etc.

If I was Abe Linkum and he was me,
I'd take Jeff' Davis and hang 'him on a tree;
I'd take all de niggers dat is a loafin' 'round,
And make 'em all captains in de army.

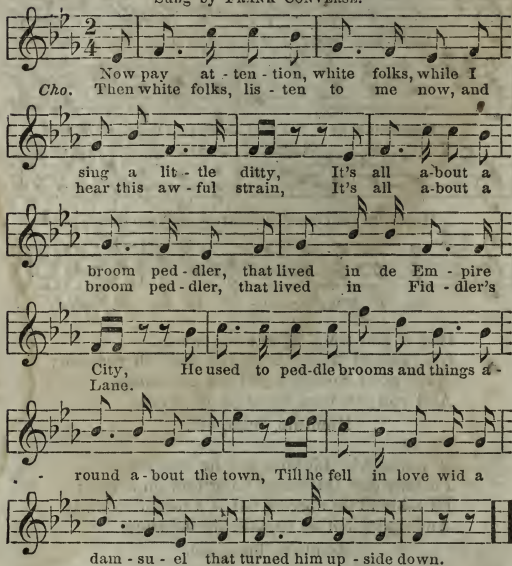
Rumtum, bum, etc.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a hoop like a woman's tongue?
Because it has got no end.
Why is twice ten like twice eleven?
Because twice ten are twenty, and twice eleven are
twenty-two (too).

THE BROOM-PEDDLER. (Comic Banjo-Song.)

Sung by FRANK CONVERSE.



Now pay at - ten - tion, white folks, while I
Cho. Then white folks, lis - ten to me now, and
sing a lit - tle ditty, It's all a-bout a
hear this aw - ful strain, It's all a-bout a
broom ped - dler, that lived in de Em - pire
broom ped - dler, that lived in Fid - dler's
City, He used to ped-dle brooms and things a -
Lane.
round a-bout the town, Till he fell in love wid a
dam - su - el that turned him up - side down.

He used to wear a hickory shirt, and overalls so blue; [too.
He was double-breasted in de back, and smoked his *meresham*
He stood six feet high in his stocking-feet, and weighed two
hundred pounds—

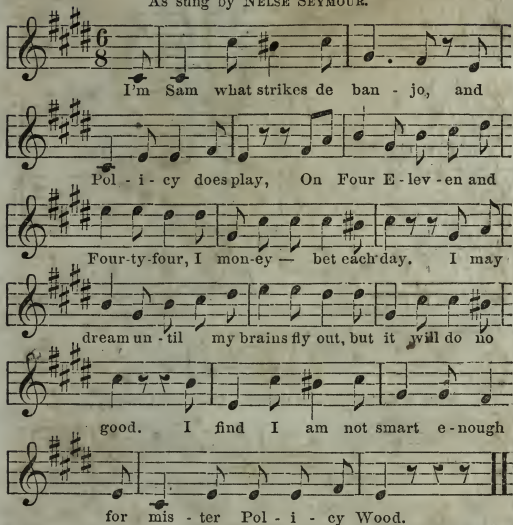
He licked de big *Magnesia* boy in just lebenty-leben rounds.

When Linkum made de call for troops, it set old Broomey
He started off for Canada just to git clear of draftin'. [laughin',
When his true-love did hear of this, she took cold chills and
cramps: [stamps!

She went and committed Susan-cide wid a box of postage-

POLICY AND POLITICS. (Comic Ditty.)

As sung by NELSE SEYMOUR.



I'm Sam what strikes de ban - jo, and
 Pol - i - cy does play, On Four E - lev - en and
 Four - ty - four, I mon - ey — bet each day. I may
 dream un - til my brains fly out, but it will do no
 good. I find I am not smart e - nough
 for mis - ter Pol - i - cy Wood.

Our country is turned upside down, by swindlers and the like;

An honest man, I'm sorry to say, can nowhere make a strike;

Our noble soldiers through dis war have fought in fire and
 Because Abe Linkum had to wait for to tell his last joke. [smoke,

Come all ye noble sportsmen, come sympathize with me—
 I'll tell you a jig I want you all to play dis night with me:
 It's "Union, Constitution, and the creed of WASHINGTON!"

We then can put the business through, and soon the day'll
 be won.

NEW-YORK LADIES. (Comic End-Song.)

Sung by CHARLEY FOX.

Now. little gals, just look at me, and
 hear just what I say, I'll tell you 'bout de
 fa - shi - ons, dat promenade Broadway, De
 MORY ANTIQUES and sa - tin things, ob]
 blue, red, white, and green, Dey trail away, be-
 -hind 'em far, like a street-sweeping machine.

De ladies, when dey promenade, a-shoppin' dey do go,
 Wid muffs chock full ob "greenbacks," to make a dashing
 show;

||: Dey pull down all de dry goods and sling 'em all about—
 Stick up their noses, pout their lips, and—den walk right
 straight out:||

De bonnets am so very tall—just three feet high or more—
 And filled wid vegetables, bought from a grocery store;

||: And den de striped Balmorals, all frill'd and crimp'd below,
 Dey slightly raise their *Mory Antiques*, to make a little show.||

THE END.

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